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Rehearsal Script  
BBC-1 Colour

Prog. Ident. No. 50/LDL G334E

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6W

'Two Doctors'

by

Robert Holmes

EPISODE TWO

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FILMING: 6th to 17th August 1984 (TBC)

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL: 17th August - 25th September 1984.

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING:

Studio: 30/31 Aug 1984  
12/13/14 Sep 1984.  
26/27/28 Sept 1984

TRANSMISSION: TBA



"DOCTOR WHO" SERIAL 6W 'Two Doctors' EPISODE TWO

CAST:

THE TWO DOCTORS  
PERI  
JAMIE  
CHESSENE  
DASTARI  
SHOCKEYE  
STIKE  
VARL  
OSCAR BOTCHERBY  
ANITA  
COMPUTER VOICE

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Cellars.  
Outbuilding.  
Hallway.  
Bedroom.  
Computer Room (Space Station)  
Passage (Space Station)  
Tardis - Console Room

\* \* \* \* \*

TELECINE:

Hacienda and Grounds.  
Country Road.

\* \* \* \* \*

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6W

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EPISODE TWO

SUPOSE CAM

Opening  
Titles:

REPRISE THEN:

1. INT. INFRASTRUCTURE.

(PERI FIGHTS FREE  
OF THE SHADOWY FIGURE  
AND STRIKES IT A SAVAGE  
GLOW.

HER ATTACKER FALLS  
STRIKING HIS HEAD)

PERI: Thanks for your help, Doctor.  
(cont ...)

(PERI RUBS HER THROAT  
MUSCLES, THEN  
REALISES THERE HAS  
BEEN NO WORD FROM  
THE DOCTOR)

PERI: (cont) Doctor?

(SHE GOES OVER TO  
THE THICKET OF  
TUBING AND SEES THE  
DOCTOR HANGING LIMPLY,  
THE YELLOW GAS STILL  
BILLOWING OUT AROUND  
HIM.

PERI TAKES HIM BY  
THE SHOULDERS AND  
PULLS HIM BACK.

HE SLUMPS TO THE  
GROUND. SHE RAISES ONE  
OF HIS EYELIDS AND  
SEES A FLICKER OF  
MOVEMENT)

Come on, Doctor! Wake up!

(SHE SHAKES HIM,  
SLAPPING HIS FACE.

THE DOCTOR STIRS  
AND MUBLES)

Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: (THICKLY) Wha's it?

PERI: Come on! Get up!

THE DOCTOR: Peri?

(HE SITS UP,  
FEELING HIS HEAD  
WOZZILY)

What happened? Why did you call?



PERI: That thing we thought was an animal attacked me. And it's human, I think.

THE DOCTOR: If you hadn't called me I wouldn't have triggered that stun jet. I was expecting there'd be one. It can't be human. They haven't reached this part of the galaxy.

PERI: Well, it's humanoid at any rate. Come and see.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
AT THE LAST WISPS  
OF VAPOUR CLEARING  
FROM THE STUN JET)

THE DOCTOR: Vorum gas. An ordinary person would have been unconscious for hours.

PERI: So would you if I hadn't pulled you clear of it.

THE DOCTOR: No, I closed my respiratory passages the moment I detected the danger.

PERI: Then how do you breathe?

THE DOCTOR: With difficulty.  
I'll explain it to you one day.

(HE LOOKS DOWN  
AT THE RAGGED SHAPE)

Yes, it does look to be humanoid. So it finally mustered the courage to attack.

PERI: I think it was my fault. It was protecting its larder.

(PERI GESTURES  
AT THE MEAGRE  
STORE)

THE DOCTOR: Understandable.

(HE ROLLS THE  
UNCONSCIOUS FORM  
OVER.

IT IS, UNDER THE  
GRIME AND WHISKERS,  
JAMIE.

THE DOCTOR REACTS)

Jamie!

PERI: What?

THE DOCTOR: It's Jamie. How did  
he get here? He should be with me.

PERI: He isn't with you, Doctor.  
Not any more.

THE DOCTOR: No, that's right.  
But if he's here where am I? I  
must have been here, Peri!

PERI: You mean in some past time?

(JAMIE STARTS TO  
COME ROUND.

HE SEES PERI AND  
THE DOCTOR CROUCHED  
OVER HIM AND FLINCHES  
AWAY IN TERROR)

THE DOCTOR: It's all right, Jamie.  
All right.

JAMIE: Keep away!



PERI: We're not going to hurt you.  
We're your friends.

(JAMIE GIBBERS  
IN TERROR)

THE DOCTOR: Hold him still.

(HE PULLS OUT A  
WALLET CONTAINING  
LONG SKEWER-LIKE  
NEEDLES.

HE PLUNGES ONE  
INTO JAMIE'S NECK)

PERI: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: Don't worry. It will  
help him relax.

(AS HE SPEAKS  
HE STABS JAMIE WITH  
THREE MORE OF THE  
LONG NEEDLES.

JAMIE SIGHS AND  
SINKS BACK)

PERI: Relax! You've killed him!

THE DOCTOR: Don't be ridiculous.  
I seem to remember I was always  
rather fond of Jamie.

PERI: He's not moving.

THE DOCTOR: That's because his  
nervous system is temporarily  
paralysed. He'll be fine shortly.

JAMIE: Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR: Yes, Jamie?

PERI: He's not talking to you.

JAMIE: They killed the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid he's deranged.  
It's the effect of extreme fear.

(JAMIE IS COVERING  
HIS EYES AND MOANING.)

PERI TAKES HIM IN  
HER ARMS AND GENTLY  
PULLS HIS HANDS DOWN)

PERI: Jamie, look at me. Don't  
be frightened. My name's Peri.  
I'm your friend, do you understand?  
Friend ...

(JAMIE GAZES AT  
HER AND SEEMS TO GROW  
CALMER)

JAMIE: They killed the Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: He seems very sure of  
that. It must have made an  
impression.

PERI: Is it possible?

THE DOCTOR: Of course not. I  
exist. Therefore I am and was.

PERI: Don't go through that  
irrefutable logic again.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, yes. When I had  
that mind-slip.



PERI: You did say you were being put to death.

THE DOCTOR: So I did. I remember now. Could it have been here?

PERI: Don't ask me. I don't understand any of it.

THE DOCTOR: Neither do I yet.

(HE PRODUCES HIS  
PENDANT AND,  
KNEELING, SWINGS  
IT ABOVE THE  
DROWSY JAMIE)

Jamie, I want you to look at this pretty thing. See how it swings backwards and forwards ... forwards and backwards. It makes your eyes feel very heavy. You want to close your eyes ... close your eyes and sleep.

(JAMIE SLEEPS)

Jamie, why did you come here with the Doctor?

JAMIE: To see Dastari.

THE DOCTOR: And did you see him?

JAMIE: Aye. They had an argument.

THE DOCTOR: The Doctor had an argument with Dastari? What about?

JAMIE: The Time Lords.

THE DOCTOR: Do you remember what happened then, Jamie?

JAMIE: There was a battle. The knights came and killed everyone.

THE DOCTOR: The knights? Tell me about them. What were they like?

JAMIE: They had like armour. Heavy. No necks. And they had only two fingers. They killed everyone! They killed the Doctor! I saw them!

(THE DOCTOR LAYS  
A SOOTHING HAND  
ON JAMIE'S BROW)

THE DOCTOR: All right, Jamie. Sleep now.

(HE STANDS IN  
THOUGHT, THEN REMOVES  
THE NEEDLES)

He just gave a fairly accurate description of the Sontarans.

PERI: You mentioned them, too, after your mind-slip.

THE DOCTOR: (BRISKLY) Let's see if anything's recorded in that computer.

(HE GOES TO  
THE LADDER)

PERI: What about Jamie?

THE DOCTOR: He'll be all right now. A little sleep's the best thing for him.



2. INT. COMPUTER ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
PERI ENTER)

THE DOCTOR: Of course I never  
for a moment thought it was  
the Time Lords.

PERI: Oh, come on. You  
had doubts.

THE DOCTOR: Only because of  
that last entry in Dastari's  
log. They must have forced  
him to write it before they  
killed him.

PERI: Why would they want  
to frame the Time Lords?

THE DOCTOR: Frame?

PERI: Make them appear  
guilty when they weren't.

THE DOCTOR: I see. Who  
knows? They're rabidly  
xenophobic. Probably they  
thought the Third Zone was  
growing too powerful and  
might ally itself with the  
Rutans.

(HE PRESSES THE  
COMPUTER'S CONTROL  
PAD)

Is that the answer?

COMPUTER: No speak.

THE DOCTOR: No speak? What sort of language is that?

COMPUTER: Central fault.  
No speak.

THE DOCTOR: I must have disconnected one of its verbal neurons. Still, the data bank is functioning.

(HE IS SCROLLING  
UP DATA ON THE  
DISPLAY)

PERI: Who are the Rutans?

THE DOCTOR: The Sontarans and the Rutans are old enemies. They've been fighting across the galaxy for so long they've forgotten what started it ... Ah, here we are! This is the Kartz and Reimer work!

(PERI STUDIES HERSELF  
IN A FULL-LENGTH  
WALL MIRROR)

PERI: I look a mess.

THE DOCTOR: Of course I can quite understand the Time Lords wanting to monitor their experiments. If the holistic fabric of time were ever punctured it'd be like putting a pin into a balloon. The universe would simply collapse.



PERI: Look, Doctor, food!

(SHE HOLDS UP  
A CONTAINER)

Shall I take it to Jamie?

(THE DOCTOR IS  
STARING EMPTILY,  
HIS FACE SUDDENLY  
HAGGARD)

THE DOCTOR: Peri, it is  
possible!

PERI: What?

THE DOCTOR: That I was  
killed. It's why I  
collapsed ... that weakness  
I felt!

PERI: But you've said you  
can't be dead then and here  
now.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, if I  
arrived here during a time  
experiment ... caught in an  
embolism and therefore  
outside the time flow. But  
if I am dead then and here  
now that means I was at the  
very epicentre of the  
engulfing chaos!

PERI: I don't understand.

THE DOCTOR: It means the  
collapse of the universe  
has started! Nothing can  
stop it.

PERI: That's crazy!

(THE DOCTOR GETS  
UP. HE EYES  
PERI SADLY)

THE DOCTOR: All the mass  
in the universe compressed  
into a single quasar.  
Rassilon predicted that it  
might happen. It's always  
been the great fear of the  
Time Lords.

PERI: How long will it  
take?

THE DOCTOR: For everything  
to end? A very few  
centuries.

PERI: Centuries? Oh, well!  
If it's not going to happen  
right away I'll go and see  
how Jamie is.

(SHE EXITS.

THE DOCTOR SHAKES  
HIS HEAD AT HER  
INDIFFERENCE TO  
THE APPROACHING  
CALAMITY. HE PACES  
THE ROOM)

THE DOCTOR: She can't  
comprehend the scale of  
it. Eternal blackness.  
No more sunsets. No more  
peacocks. And nevermore  
a butterfly ...

(AS HE TURNS TO  
PACE BACK, HE  
SEES PERI IN  
THE TRANSPARENT  
CYLINDER FEATURED  
IN SCENE 9, EP.1.

SHE, LIKE THE DOCTOR,  
IN THAT SCENE IS  
WRITHING IN AGONY..

PERI'S BODY OUTLINED  
IN RIPPLING BLUE  
FIRE.

THE DOCTOR RUNS TO  
HER HELP. BUT AS  
HE REACHES THE  
CYLINDER HE STOPS.

A KNOWING LOOK  
CROSSES HIS FACE.

HE GOES OVER TO  
THE COMPUTER AND  
PRESSES THE  
GRAPHICS DISPLAY  
BUTTON.

NOW, INSTEAD OF  
PERI, WE SEE  
DASTARI UNDER  
TORTURE IN THE  
CYLINDER.

ANOTHER TOUCH AND  
IT IS THE DOCTOR,  
(TROUGHTON), WHO  
IS IN THE CYLINDER.

THE DOCTOR PLAYS  
THROUGH TWO OR  
THREE MORE TORTURE  
SCENES AND THEN  
SWITCHES THE  
DISPLAY OFF. HE  
SINKS BACK INTO  
THE CONTROL CHAIR,  
THINKING DEEPLY.

PERI COMES IN WITH  
JAMIE)

PERI: Doctor, he's better.

JAMIE: He's not the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I am so ...  
Peri, watch this.

(HE SWITCHES ON  
THE GRAPHICS.



PERI STARES WITH  
SHOCK AT HER  
IMAGE BEING  
TORTURED WITHIN  
THE CYLINDER)

PERI: Oh, stop it! Please,  
it's horrible!

(THE DOCTOR SWITCHES  
THE DISPLAY OFF)

THE DOCTOR: Lifelike, isn't  
it? Or, rather, deathlike.

JAMIE: That's how they  
killed the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I don't think  
they did. I'm beginning  
to understand now. They  
left this illusion because  
they wanted to make it  
appear that I was dead.

PERI: Who?

THE DOCTOR: The Sontarans.  
They hoped to stop any  
investigation into my  
disappearance. So obviously  
I'm being held captive  
somewhere.

PERI: Well, why am I in  
it?

THE DOCTOR: That was their  
mistake. They left the  
animator switched on and  
when you looked in that  
... (POINTS TO MIRROR) ...  
it copied your body-print.

JAMIE: You don't think the Doctor's dead - I mean my Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: No, I don't, Jamie. And if I'm not dead in that form then my theory about the time embolism is also wrong. It shows the danger of drawing conclusions from incomplete information.

JAMIE: Well, what have they done with him then?

THE DOCTOR: The fact that they've gone to these lengths to try to cover their tracks is interesting. And why did they feel it necessary to board the Station? If they simply wanted to destroy it they could have done that with missiles from a million miles out ... No, this begins to have all the hallmarks of a conspiracy.

PERI: What sort of conspiracy?

THE DOCTOR: A plot to kidnap me and probably Dastari as well. And that means the Sontarans were working with someone on the inside.

PERI: But why should they want to kidnap you - the other Doctor? From what I've heard about the Time Lords they're not likely to pay a ransom.

THE DOCTOR: If I'm right,  
they've take Dastari too.  
And he's about the only bio-  
geneticist in the galaxy who  
might be able to isolate a  
Time Lord's symbiotic  
nuclei.

PERI: So that's how you  
control the Tardis?  
Symbiosis ...

THE DOCTOR: If the Sontarans  
get the secret of time travel  
they'll be invincible. We  
must find out where they're  
holding me!

JAMIE: How can you do that?  
They might be anywhere.

THE DOCTOR: I made contact  
with myself before - during  
that mind-slip. I'll try  
telepathy. It's about  
our only chance.

(HE LIES ON A  
BENCH)

I shall seem to be unconscious  
but there's nothing to worry  
about. While my mind is out  
of the body, however, don't  
touch me. Don't even come  
near me. Any kind of  
disturbance is likely to  
sever the astral link and  
kill me.

(PERI AND JAMIE  
EXCHANGE A LOOK)

PERI: How long will it  
take?



TELECINE 1:

Ext. Forest Land. Day.

OSCAR BOTCHERBY, dressed for a safari, carries a large butterfly net and his killing box.

He is with ANITA, a pretty local girl. They come to a faded sign in Spanish.

OSCAR: What does that say, Anita?

ANITA: Keep Out.

OSCAR: Oh, well, perhaps we had better -

ANITA: It doesn't matter,  
Oscar. It's a very old sign.

OSCAR: Yes, but -

ANITA: No-one lives on the hacienda now. Only the Dona Arana.

OSCAR: The Dona Arana?

ANITA: An old lady. Don Vincente Arana's widow. She never leaves the house.

OSCAR: Where is the house?

ANITA: Behind those trees.  
In the old days, when my  
mother worked for the Don,  
it was like a palace. Now  
it is falling down.

OSCAR: When I have seen  
by Time's fell hand defaced/  
The rich-proud cost of  
outworn buried age.

ANITA: This is the place.  
There always used to be  
hundreds of moths in this  
little wood.

OSCAR: Yes, it looks like  
splendid moth country. Of  
course, we're a little  
early. Moths are ladies  
of the night. Painted  
beauties sleeping all day  
and rising at sunset to  
whisper through the roseate  
dusk on gossamer wings of  
damask and silk.

ANITA: You really like  
them, don't you, Oscar?

OSCAR: I adore them.

ANITA: Then why do you  
kill them?

OSCAR: So that I can look  
at them.

He lights a lantern  
and sets it down on  
a tree stump.

ANITA: I'm always afraid  
they'll get in my hair.  
What's that for?

OSCAR: Moths to the flame,  
my dear. Then I net them and  
put them in my cyanide box.

ANITA: All that so that  
you can look at them?

OSCAR: I mount them in my  
collection ...

He glances up at  
the sky from which  
can be heard a  
swelling rumble.

OSCAR: Then I can sit and  
admire them.

ANITA: Don't you have a  
television?

OSCAR: Get down!

They fling themselves  
flat as something  
roars low over the  
trees. The noise fades.

They sit up.

OSCAR: I thought it was  
going to hit us.

ANITA: It landed over that  
way somewhere. We ought to  
go and see. Somebody might  
need help.

OSCAR: Oh, I do hope not!  
I can't bear the sight of  
gory entrails - except,  
of course, on the stage.

ANOTHER ANGLE:



STIKE and DASTARI  
are carrying the  
unconscious DOCTOR,  
(TROUGHTON), between  
them.

They carry him into  
the courtyard of the  
hacienda.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

ANITA and OSCAR come  
out of the trees on  
the hillside above.  
Looking down, they  
see THE DOCTOR being  
taken towards the  
house.

ANITA: It must have crashed.

OSCAR: Please, Anita, don't  
let's go any nearer. They  
might be suffering from  
hideous injuries.

ANITA: The Dona Arana won't  
be able to help them. And  
there's no telephone. We'll  
have to call someone, Oscar.

OSCAR: Yes, we'll summon  
the authorities. Competent  
official people trained in  
the tying of bandages.

They hurry away.

END TELECINE 1.

3. INT. COMPUTER ROOM.

(JAMIE LOOKS AT THE  
DOCTOR. (BAKER))

JAMIE: He's not breathing.

PERI: He's probably closed his  
respiratory tract again.

JAMIE: Eh?

PERI: Well, I don't know. I  
think he's all right.

JAMIE: Peri, I can smell  
something burning.

PERI: You're right. (cont ...)

(BEHIND THE COMPUTER  
ONE OF THE MAIN CABLES  
IS SMOULDERING. IT  
BEGINS TO POUR OUT  
SMOKE, THEN BURSTS INTO  
FLAMES. THE FIRE  
QUICKLY SPREADS TO  
OTHER CABLES.

JAMIE AND PERI RUN TO  
TRY TO STAMP IT OUT  
BUT THE FLAMES ARE  
SPREADING RAPIDLY.

LUMPS OF BURNING  
PLASTIC BEGIN FALLING.

A BURNING GLOB FALLS  
ON THE REST BUNK,  
THREATENING THE DOCTOR  
WITH CREMATION.

JAMIE RUSHES FORWARD  
AND KNOCKS IT TO THE  
FLOOR.

HE STAMPS IT OUT WHILE  
PERI - CAREFUL NOT TO  
DISTURB THE DOCTOR -  
DEALS WITH THE  
SMOULDERING MATTRESS.

BUT MORE FIERY DEBRIS  
IS RAINING DOWN)

PERI: (cont) We've got to get him  
out of here, Jamie!

JAMIE: How? We canna' wake him.

PERI: If we don't he'll be burnt  
to death, anyway. The whole place  
is going up!

(SHE GIVES THE DOCTOR  
A SHAKE)

Doctor, you must wake up!  
Doctor!

(NO RESPONSE)

JAMIE: (COUGHS) We'll die in  
this smoke. Can we not move the  
pallet? Let's try ...

(THEY HEAVE AND  
PUSH AT THE BUNK)

PERI: Something's holding it.

(SHE CRAWLS UNDER  
THE BUNK)

It's clipped to the wall.



(PERI STRUGGLES WITH  
THE HEAVY CLIPS  
RETAINING THE TWO  
REAR LEGS.

JAMIE DRAWS HIS  
SKEAN DHU)

JAMIE: Here. Out of the way,  
lassie.

(WITH THE KNIFE'S  
LEVERAGE HE IS  
ABLE TO PRISE THE  
CLIPS OPEN.

NOW THE BUNK  
TRUNDLES FREELY.

COUGHING AND CHOKING  
IN THE THICK SMOKE,  
THEY WHEEL THE DOCTOR  
ACROSS THE ROOM)

4. INT. PASSAGE.

(PERI AND JAMIE PUSH  
THE BUNK OUT INTO  
THE PASSAGE.)

FLAMES LAP THE DOOR  
OPENING AS JAMIE  
SLIDES IT TO BEHIND  
THEM)

JAMIE: How is he?

(PERI MOPS HER  
STREAMING EYES)

PERI: Better than we are, I  
think. He's still not breathing.

(C.U. THE DOCTOR)

5. INT. CELLARS.

(C.U. THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON)).

HE IS LYING ON A  
SURGICAL TROLLEY.

DASTARI BENDS OVER  
HIM WITH A HYPO-  
INJECTOR)

CHESSENE: How is he?

DASTARI: This will bring him round.

(THE DOCTOR'S EYES  
FLICKER.

THE DISTANT SOUND  
OF BELLS ARE HEARD  
AS CHESSENE AND  
DASTARI WATCH THE  
DOCTOR TENSELY.

HIS EYES OPEN AND  
HE STARES BLANKLY  
AT DASTARI STANDING  
OVER HIM.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA:  
HIS POV - THE  
BLURRED FORM OF  
DASTARI)

THE DOCTOR: Jamie ...

(HIS EYES CLOSE)

6. INT. PASSAGE.

(C.U. THE DOCTOR (BAKER).  
HIS EYES OPEN)

THE DOCTOR: Jamie ...

(HIS EYES CLOSE)

Boing ... boingg ...

PERI: Come on, Doctor! Wake  
up.

(THE DOCTOR STRUGGLES  
BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS.  
HE STARES AROUND)

THE DOCTOR: What's happened?  
Where am I?

JAMIE: We had to move you -

THE DOCTOR: Move me? But I  
warned you -

PERI: We had to get you out,  
Doctor. The computer caught  
fire.

THE DOCTOR: (SITS UP) The  
computer? That's impossible.

JAMIE: Look at that door. It's  
buckling already.



THE DOCTOR: Of course! My fault - I must have cut out the regulators and it's overheated. (SWINGS OFF THE BUNK) We must turn off the oxygen vents. No fire without oxygen, you know.

PERI: Doctor, it's an inferno in there!

(THE DOCTOR TOUCHES  
THE DOOR AND PULLS  
HIS HAND BACK  
SHARPLY)

THE DOCTOR: We've left it too late. Why didn't you two think of turning off the oxygen? Why do you always leave everything to me?

JAMIE: We got you out.

THE DOCTOR: Yes ... Yes, thank you. Boing ... Boingg ... Now where have I heard that before?

PERI: Doctor.

(SHE INDICATES THE  
DOOR.

LIQUID FLAME IS  
CREEPING UNDER IT  
AS IT STARTS TO  
SPLIT UP)

THE DOCTOR: You're right, Peri. I'll think about it later. Come on.

(HE SETS OFF DOWN  
THE PASSAGE.

THE COMPANIONS FOLLOW)

7. INT. CELLARS.

(BECOMINGLY INCREASINGLY  
LIKE A FUTURISTIC  
OPERATING THEATRE AS  
DASTARI BUSIES ABOUT  
SETTING UP HIS  
EQUIPMENT.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
IS STIRRING.

CHESSENE IS WATCHING.

SHOCKEYE AND VARL  
CARRY IN SOME MORE  
EQUIPMENT)

VARL: That is the complete  
manifest.

CHESSENE: Where is Stike?

VARL: The Group Marshal is  
placing the scout-ship in clear  
in order to conceal it from the  
local primitives.

DASTARI: Even in clear it is  
still possible to detect with  
tracking equipment. We should  
have chosen a less populous  
planet.

CHESSENE: According to the mind  
of the Dona Arana no-one comes  
here even though there is a city  
only four kilometres away.

(ON SHOCKEYE REGISTERING  
THIS FACT)

DASTARI: Are there any defence installations in the area?

CHESSENE: The Dona Arana knows nothing of that. There was very little in her mind to absorb.

SHOCKEYE: Nor in her body. Nothing but bone and gristle.

(TIRED OF THE  
CONVERSATION HE  
WANDERS OFF)

DASTARI: I would have preferred somewhere completely deserted. The operation will be a delicate one and we cannot risk any interruptions.

CHESSENE: It was Shockeye's wish to come here.

(SHE LOOKS ALMOST  
FONDLY ACROSS TO  
WHERE SHOCKEYE,  
CAT-LIKE, IS  
STALKING SOMETHING)

DASTARI: And you indulged him? Why?

CHESSENE: He has a craving to savour the flesh of these humans. As an Androgum myself I know the potency of these desires in our race.

DASTARI: You are no longer an Androgum, Chessene. I have raised you to a superior plane of life.



(CHESSENE TURNS AWAY  
TO CONCEAL HER  
EXPRESSION)

CHESSENE: There are blood-ties  
between the Franzine Grig and  
the Quawncing Grig, Dastari.  
Shockeye does not yet know the  
full nature of my intentions.  
When he does learn the truth  
he is going to feel I have  
betrayed our Androgum inheritance.

DASTARI: A being of your powers  
cannot stay trapped forever in  
the traditions of blood and race,  
Chessene. You must go on alone  
to create new traditions.

(CHESSENE LOOKS  
MEANINGFULLY AT  
THE DOCTOR)

CHESSENE: Not quite alone,  
Dastari.

(IN A CORNER OF THE  
CELLAR SHOCKEYE HAS  
SOMETHING TRAPPED.

HE POUNCES ON A  
SQUEALING RAT AND  
SNAPS ITS NECK,  
THEN BITES INTO IT  
LIKE A KID WITH A  
MARS BAR)

DASTARI: And he calls humans  
primitive.

CHESSENE: All our chefs sample  
the raw flavours of ingredients  
before even heating their cooking  
pots.



SHOCKEYE: Does this have a name,  
Chessene?

CHESSENE: The Dona Arana knows  
it as rat. It is a scavenging  
creature.

(SHOCKEYE THROWS THE  
RAT ASIDE)

SHOCKEYE: The flesh is rank.  
Smoke-dried it might just be  
tolerable.

(HE SHAMBLES OFF AGAIN.)

CHESSENE SMILES)

CHESSENE: He is utterly tireless  
in his quest for perfection.

8. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
IS DEEP IN THOUGHT.  
THEN SUDDENLY HE IS  
TRIUMPHANT)

THE DOCTOR: It was Santa Maria!

PERI: What was?

THE DOCTOR: Boingg ... It's the  
largest bell of the twenty-five  
in the Cathedral at Seville.  
Very distinctive.

PERI: So what does that mean?

THE DOCTOR: It means we know  
the area where they're holding  
me - him. It was in the distance,  
about three miles I would judge.  
Have you ever been to Seville,  
Peri?

PERI: No, have you?

THE DOCTOR: How else would I  
know the Santa Maria when I hear  
it? Do try to use your brain,  
my girl. Small though it is,  
the human brain can be quite  
effective when used properly.

(HE IS BUSILY SETTING  
THE CONTROLS.

PERI LOOKS DAGGERS  
AT HIS BACK)

PERI: You might be wrong.

THE DOCTOR: I am not wrong.

(JAMIE ENTERS LOOKING  
SPRUCE)

Well, you look better for your  
bath. You should try one more  
often.

PERI: Ignore him, Jamie. He's  
being crotchety.

THE DOCTOR: I'm not crotchety.  
I'm ... well, I'm concerned.

JAMIE: What about?

THE DOCTOR: Myself. I mean him.  
Languishing in some dark dungeon  
at the mercy of the Sontarans.

PERI: You can't be sure he's  
in a dungeon.

THE DOCTOR: There was an echo -  
an after-resonance. If you'd been  
locked in as many dungeons as I  
have you couldn't fail to recognise  
it. Are you ready?

JAMIE: What for?

THE DOCTOR: Transference.

(AND HE SLAMS THE  
TARDIS INTO GEAR.

PERI CLINGS TO THE  
CONSOLE BUT JAMIE  
IS THROWN BACKWARDS.

THE DOCTOR SMILES  
THINLY)

JAMIE: My Doctor wouldna' have done that.

THE DOCTOR: Your doctor is an antedeluvian fogey - letting himself fall into the hands of the Sontarans! If anything happens to myself as a result I'll never forgive himself.

PERI: I wish you'd stop switching personal pronouns, Doctor. It would make it easier to know what you're talking about.

THE DOCTOR: I know what I'm talking about and that's all that matters.



9. INT. CELLARS.

(THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
STRETCHES, YAWNS.

HIS EYES OPEN)

THE DOCTOR: Good morning.

DASTARI: Don't try to move  
yet, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, it's you,  
Dastari.

DASTARI: You'll feel dizzy  
for a time.

THE DOCTOR: So I've been drugged?  
What did you use? It feels  
like one of the anomode group.

DASTARI: Absolutely right.  
Siralanomode.

THE DOCTOR: Siralanomode? That  
affects the memory'.

CHESSENE: We're not interested  
in your memory.

THE DOCTOR: Haven't I seen  
you somewhere before? Oh,  
I've got it - you're the augmented  
Androgum. (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
BEYOND HER TO  
WHERE SHOCKEYE IS  
CROONING AN ANDROGUM  
LULLABY)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) I can't say  
That I care for the company you  
keep, Dastari.

VARL: (FROM DOOR) Attention!  
Group Marshal Stike of the  
Ninth Sontaran Attack Group!

(STIKE STRIDES IN.

HE IS, APART FROM  
HIS SWAGGER STICK  
AND A BIT MORE GOLD  
BRAID, A CLONE OF  
VARL)

STIKE: Stand at ease.

CHESSENE: We already were,  
Stike. And tell that underling  
of yours not to shout every time  
you appear.

STIKE: Yes, Major Varl. The  
Androgum is quite right. I  
shall treat them as equals for  
the time being.

VARL: Very good, sir.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
STARING)

THE DOCTOR: Sontarans! ... I  
remember now. The Space Station.  
But I had someone with me ...  
Jamie! What have you done with  
Jamie?

CHESSENE: Your companion will  
be long since dead, Doctor.  
The Sontarans take no prisoners.

STIKE: Inflexible policy.

THE DOCTOR: No!

(HE TRIES TO SPRING  
FROM THE TABLE.

CHESSENE AND DASTARI  
PINION HIM.

SHOCKEYE ARRIVES TO  
HELP)

CHESSENE: Fasten the restraints ...

(THE KICKING, STRUGGLING  
DOCTOR IS STRAPPED TO  
THE TABLE.

HE FINALLY ABANDONS  
THE UNEQUAL STRUGGLE.

HIS HEAD SINKS BACK,  
HE STARES DULLY  
UPWARDS)

THE DOCTOR: Jamie...

STIKE: What was the cause of that  
disgusting outburst?

CHESSENE: He had a sentimental  
attachment to his dead companion.

STIKE: To fall at the front of  
the battle is a glorious fate.  
But at the Space Station there was  
no glory. We simply executed  
some snivelling prisoners.

THE DOCTOR: You are a slimy  
obscenity.

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Country Road. Day.

The Tardis materialises  
on the verge.

ANOTHER ANGLE: OSCAR  
and ANITA hurrying along.

They round a corner  
and see the Tardis.

OSCAR stops in surprise.

OSCAR: Well, isn't that  
incredible! Police! And they  
say they're never here when  
you need them.

ANITA: Oscar, it doesn't  
say Polizia.

OSCAR: Interpol, my dear. They  
have branches everywhere.

ANITA: Oscar, you are a fool.

But he doesn't hear  
her as he has hurried  
forward to meet  
THE DOCTOR (BAKER),  
PERI, and JAMIE as  
they emerge from the  
police box.

OSCAR: Officer, we have to  
report a tragedy. Stark disaster  
has struck this green and simple  
countryside.



THE DOCTOR: Has it, indeed?  
What manner of disaster, Mr ...?

OSCAR: Botcherby. Oscar Botcherby  
at your service, sir. And this  
dark-eyed naiad is named Anita.

ANITA: Oh, come on, Oscar!  
There's been a plane crash.

OSCAR has been taking  
in the Doctor's clothes  
and Jamie's kilt.

OSCAR: Of course, it may not  
be your department. I can see  
from your raiment that you  
obviously belong to the plain-  
clothes branch.

THE DOCTOR: Did you see this  
aeroplane?

OSCAR: No, we were in an olive  
grove at the time it roared  
overhead. We were on a moth-  
hunting expedition. Are you  
interested in lepidoptera, at  
all?

THE DOCTOR: I am interested in  
everything. But mainly, at  
the moment, in this crash that  
you heard.

ANITA: It came down near Dona  
Arana's hacienda. We saw three  
survivors staggering towards the  
house.

OSCAR: Well, two of them were  
carrying some other poor injured  
fellow.

THE DOCTOR: Were they indeed?  
Mr. Botcherby, you may well have  
done me a great service.

OSCAR: In what way, officer?

THE DOCTOR: I think you saw three  
fugitives whose trail we have  
been following for some time.  
Perhaps you will lead us to this  
hacienda?

ANITA: Of course. It's this way.

OSCAR: Should we, my dear?  
It's easy to find, officer. If  
you follow this road ...

ANITA: We ought to show them,  
Oscar. It's not easy to find.

OSCAR: I was thinking these men  
might be danger ... I mean I  
was thinking we ought to get  
back to the restaurant.

ANITA: We've plenty of time.

THE DOCTOR: You'll be doing a  
public service, Mr. Botcherby.

OSCAR: Oh well. The Botcherbies  
have never shirked from public  
services. My dear departed father  
was an air raid warden in Shepton  
Mallet throughout the war. He  
slept in a steel helmet for five  
years.

As they move off.

END TELECINE 2.

10. INT. CELLARS.

(DASTARI IS SETTING  
UP A BOX, SOMETHING  
SIMILAR TO A DIY  
PHOTO-KIOSK)

THE DOCTOR: What have you got  
there?

DASTARI: The Kartz-Reimer  
transference module.

THE DOCTOR: Well, that'll never  
work. I can tell that from here.

DASTARI: It worked well enough  
to bring you to the space  
station, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: All it did was to  
produce a few hiccups in the  
time continuum - enough to  
alert us to the fact that some  
dangerously crude experiments  
were going on.

DASTARI: Kartz and Reimer were  
clearly on the right track.  
Several Androgums successfully  
vanished into time during those  
experiments. Unfortunately  
we were unable to bring them  
back.



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THE DOCTOR: Of course you couldn't. Nobody can travel through time without access to a molecular stabilisation system.

DASTARI: We know that now. And we know that Time Lords possess a symbiotic link with their machines which protects them and anyone with them against de-stabilisation.

THE DOCTOR: Guesswork.

DASTARI: Don't underestimate Chessene, Doctor. Hers was the brain behind Kartz and Reimer. And it was she who first realised the missing element had to lie somewhere in here.

(HE MAKES A  
SWEEPING GESTURE  
OVER THE DOCTOR'S  
BODY)

THE DOCTOR: So what do you intend to do - cut me up piece by piece?

DASTARI: Let us say cell by cell and gene by gene until I isolate the symbiotic nuclei.

THE DOCTOR: When did you go mad, Dastari?

DASTARI: I assure you I'm not at all mad.

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THE DOCTOR: Then you're totally under Chessene's domination. Are you hoping to give her the power of time travel? Is that the idea?

DASTARI: I shall put her among the gods. There need to be no limit to her achievements.

THE DOCTOR: There'll be no limit to her capacity for evil! She's an Androgum whatever you say, Dastari, and she'll snap off the hand that feeds her any time she feels hungry.

DASTARI: You don't know Chessene. I confess I was sad that the Time Lords chose to send you as their emissary because I have always had a certain regard for you personally, Doctor. And the operation will, of necessity, be painful. But ...

THE DOCTOR: But it'll hurt you more than me?

DASTARI: What gives you that idea? No, I was going to say but you'll at least have the satisfaction of knowing you have been part of a great undertaking.

(HE STARTS TO EXIT)

THE DOCTOR: You're an irresponsible old fool! (cont ...)

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THE DOCTOR: (cont) The Androgums  
are barbarians. Release them  
into time and every civilised  
people in the galaxy will curse  
your name! ... Do you hear me?

(BUT DASTARI HAS  
GONE.

THE DOCTOR GROANS)

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11. INT. CELLARS.

(ANOTHER VAULTED  
AREA CONTIGUOUS  
TO THAT IN WHICH  
THE DOCTOR IS HELD.

DASTARI STARTS  
LOADING A TROLLEY  
WITH SURGICAL  
EQUIPMENT.

STIKE COMES INTO  
THE CELLAR)

STIKE: Dastari, why this delay?

DASTARI: Delay?

STIKE: I expected the operation  
to begin immediately upon my  
arrival. Time is being wasted.

DASTARI: Time is not being  
wasted. An operation of this  
complexity needs careful  
preparation.

STIKE: You are not efficient.  
All that should have been done.

DASTARI: We brought most of this  
equipment with us. How could it  
have been installed before we  
got here?

STIKE: Chessene should have brought  
it. There was no forward planning.

DASTARI: If we had dismantled my operating theatre any earlier the station would have been buzzing with speculation. Chessene's plan might have failed. It wasn't worth the risk.

STIKE: And how long will this operation take?

DASTARI: As long as it takes me to locate the symbiotic nuclei within the Time Lord's cell structure. Hours or days. I cannot say.

STIKE: Every hour is precious to me, Dastari. My Ninth Group is forming up for a vital battle in the Madillon Cluster. If successful it could change the course of the war. So it is imperative that I be there to lead them to victory.

DASTARI: Then if time is so important I suggest you take this to the operating theatre while I fetch the rest of my equipment.

(HE LEAVES STIKE  
WITH THE TROLLEY  
AND EXITS)



12. INT. CELLARS.

(THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
IS TESTING THE  
RESTRAINING BANDS  
ACROSS HIS LEG AND  
CHEST.

HE STOPS AS STIKE  
WHEELS THE TROLLEY  
IN)

THE DOCTOR: Is it tea-time  
already, nurse?

STIKE: I do not understand  
facetiousness.

THE DOCTOR: Just as well. A face  
like yours isn't made for laughing.

STIKE: The operation must  
begin soon. I am need at  
the front.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I heard you  
ranting to Dastari about that.  
What was it - a vital strike  
in the Madillon Cluster? Dear  
me, nothing changes, does it?  
You and the Rutans have become  
petrified in your attitudes.

STIKE: Nothing can change until  
victory is achieved. But I fear  
I may have made a tactical error.

THE DOCTOR: I thought Sontarans never made mistakes.

STIKE: It is not easy being a commander - the loneliness of supreme responsibility.

THE DOCTOR: Then why don't you resign, Stike, and claim your pension?

STIKE: When I die it will be alongside my comrades. One thing you and I have in common is that we do not fear death.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, I don't know ...

STIKE: There is no fear in your eyes, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: What mistake do you think you've made?

STIKE: I should have led my group in the Madillon strike before moving against the space station. Dastari cannot say how long the operation will take. I might miss the vital battle.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I see your difficulty.

STIKE: So, Doctor, you have the chance - in death - to help the Sontaran cause.

THE DOCTOR: How do I do that?

STIKE: Tell Dastari where he will find the symbiotic nuclei within your cell structure. Vital time will be saved and I can be on my way.

THE DOCTOR: Is that what Chessene has offered you - the knowledge of time travel?

STIKE: In return for our co-operation at the space station.

THE DOCTOR: In that case you should watch your back, Stike.

STIKE: What?

THE DOCTOR: She is an Androgum - a race to whom treachery is as natural as breathing. They're a bit like you Sontarans in that respect.

(STIKE SLAPS HIM  
ACROSS THE FACE)

STIKE: That is for the slur on my people.

THE DOCTOR: I demand satisfaction.

STIKE: You know that is impossible.

THE DOCTOR: I'm challenging you to a duel, Stike. That is traditional among Sontarans, isn't it?

STIKE: (HESITATES) It would give me pleasure to kill you. But unfortunately you are needed alive.

(HE TURNS STIFFLY  
TO WALK AWAY)



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THE DOCTOR: Untie me, Stike!  
Or are you not only without honour  
but a coward as well?

(STIKE HALTS.

HE STANDS STOCK-  
STILL FOR A MOMENT.

HIS VOICE SHAKES  
WITH EMOTION)

STIKE: As you are not a Sontaran,  
Doctor, you cannot impugn my  
honour.

(HE CONTINUES ON  
OUT OF THE CELLAR)

THE DOCTOR: Well, that little ploy  
didn't work ...

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TELECINE 3:

Ext. Hacienda grounds.  
Day.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER) and  
his COMPANIONS survey  
the house from the cover  
of the foliage.

He straightens and  
slips quietly away.

THE DOCTOR: Wait here.

PERI: Where are you going?

THE DOCTOR: I'll just take  
a scout round the back.

OSCAR: Oh, look!

JAMIE: What?

OSCAR: Over there.

JAMIE: I don't see anything.

OSCAR: Just there! An exquisite  
feathered gothic. If only I'd  
brought my net ...

PERI: Ssh! Look, there's a  
light on.

END TELECINE 3.

13. INT. BEDROOM.

(SHOCKEYE EXPLORES  
THE ROOM.

HE FINDS A COOKERY  
BOOK AND LEAFS THROUGH  
IT. THE CONTENTS  
INTEREST HIM)

CHESSENE: (ENTERS) What do  
you have there, Shockeye?

SHOCKEYE: A selection of  
recipes used by these humans.  
It's most interesting.

(CHESSENE GLANCES  
AT THE BOOK)

CHESSENE: I can't think that  
Shockeye o' the Quawncing Grig  
has anything to learn from humans.  
Do you understand it?

SHOCKEYE: Yes, indeed. The  
ingredients are unfamiliar,  
naturally, but the general principles  
are similar to our own methods.  
They cannot be quite as primitive  
as I believed. In some ways  
they resemble us.

CHESSENE: In what ways?

SHOCKEYE: (INDICATES BOOK) I  
have found many of these in the  
house. There cannot be a creature  
on the planet that humans do not  
kill and eat. (cont ...)

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SHOCKEYE: (cont) Many beasts are bred especially for table, force-fed to improve the flesh, and penned in small confined quarters to fatten more rapidly. And another interesting similarity -

(HIS VOICE CONTINUES  
OVER THE FOLLOWING  
TELECINE:)

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TELECINE 4:

Ext. Hacienda.  
Day.

THE DOCTOR, skirting  
the house, hears  
Shockeye's voice.

There is a trellis under  
the window bearing an  
old, overgrown vine.

THE DOCTOR tests its  
stability and then  
starts to climb.

END TELECINE 4.



14. INT. BEDROOM.

SHOCKEYE: - various methods of killing. Some are suspended alive from hooks while their blood pumps out. Others are carefully strangled so that all the blood is retained. It depends on the type of meat that is required. Crustaceans are killed by plunging them into vats of boiling liquid.

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Hacienda.

Day.

THE DOCTOR looking  
through the window.

The trellis starts  
to sag from the wall.  
ON his alarm:

END TELECINE 5.

15. INT. BEDROOM.

SHOCKEYE: The strange thing, however, is that I can find no recipes for cooking the human animal.

CHESSENE: There are races that do not eat their own kind.

SHOCKEYE: But a species that is at the top of the food-chain, as these creatures are, must develop the finest flavour of all. They have the pick of the planet's resources and all that goodness is concentrated -

CHESSENE: Listen!

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Hacienda.

Day.

THE DOCTOR hits  
the ground in a  
tangle of vines and  
broken trellis work.

He lies doggo in a  
heavy shadow at the  
base of the wall.

Above him the window  
is flung open.

CHESSENE stares out  
suspiciously.

END TELECINE 6.



16. INT. BEDROOM.

CHESSENE: I heard something  
out here.

SHOCKEYE: I heard nothing,  
Chessene.

CHESSENE: You were too busy  
talking about your favourite  
subject.

SHOCKEYE: I must have a Tellurian  
soon! A young one with a good  
proportion of meat to the bone.  
I am becoming insane for such  
a feast.

CHESSENE: Be patient, Shockeye.  
We'll find one for you before  
we leave Earth - indeed, I'll  
join you at table for I confess  
to a certain curiosity myself.

(SHE CLOSES THE WINDOW  
AND TURNS BACK)

SHOCKEYE: Oh, madam, all is not  
lost for you! I'll prepare the  
beast with such care it will be  
a gustatory experience to savour  
for a thousand years!

TELECINE 7:

THE DOCTOR, limping slightly, regains the safety of the trees.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

PERI: So you're an actor.

OSCAR: For my sins.

JAMIE: What are you acting in at the moment, Oscar?

OSCAR: I am between roles at the moment so I'm managing a little restaurant for a friend of mine - La Piranella in the Arab Quarter.

ANITA nudges him.

ANITA: Quiet, Oscar! Someone's coming ...

They crouch lower in the shrubbery. Suddenly the bushes part and THE DOCTOR appears. He flops down beside them.

PERI: Oh, Doctor! You scared us! Did you have to creep up like that?

THE DOCTOR: What did you expect, brass bands?

THE DOCTOR shakes  
his head.

JAMIE: Did you find out anything?

THE DOCTOR: But the Sontarans  
are here. I can sense them.

OSCAR: Who are the Sontarans?

JAMIE: Don't ask. Just hope  
you don't meet one.

THE DOCTOR: Anita, is the Dona  
Arana tall and dark with a broad,  
heavy forehead?

ANITA: No, she's small and frail  
with white hair.

THE DOCTOR: Not her then. I  
couldn't see the person she was  
with, his back was turned. So  
I don't know if he's human or  
not.

OSCAR: What do you mean - human  
or not?

THE DOCTOR: The noise you heard  
was a space craft landing. And  
this house is now in the  
possession of alien beings.

OSCAR: You are joshing me,  
officer, are you ... not?

JAMIE: Doctor, I've just  
thought - this one with the  
broad forehead - had she a long,  
dark dress with white cuffs and  
collars?



THE DOCTOR: I couldn't describe it any closer myself, Jamie.

JAMIE: Then she was on the space station!

THE DOCTOR: Was she now?

JAMIE: Dastari said she was a - what was it - Androgum.

THE DOCTOR: Of course! Now you mention it - though her features hadn't the heaviness of the typical Androgum.

JAMIE: He said he'd done some operations that had turned her into a genius.

THE DOCTOR: What a stupid thing to do!

JAMIE: That's what the Doctor said.

THE DOCTOR: Well, I was right. Whatever he did for her mind her nature would remain the same - and Androgums have about as much emotional capacity as crocodiles.

PERI: What's the next move, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: We have to get into that house without being detected.

ANITA: I know a secret way into the cellars. It used to run from the old ice-house.



THE DOCTOR: The cellars? That's even better ... Peri, you'll have to cause a distraction while Jamie and I try to find out where I'm being held.

PERI: You're doing it again, aren't you?

THE DOCTOR: Doing what?

PERI: Never mind. What sort of distraction?

THE DOCTOR: Do I have to think of everything? Knock on the door and say you're lost. Ask for directions, a glass of water, anything. Just keep them busy, all right?

PERI: I don't speak Spanish.

THE DOCTOR: Don't worry. They're not Spaniards. Anita, show us the way to this ice-house.

PERI: What do I do if a Sontaran answers the door?

THE DOCTOR: I don't think that's likely. For the moment they seem to be keeping well out of sight.

END TELECINE 7.

17. INT. BEDROOM.

(SHOCKEYE IS STILL  
EXPLORING. HE  
OPENS A WARDROBE  
AND FINDS IT FULL  
OF ANCIENT CLOTHES.  
HE TRIES AN OLD  
TAIL-COAT ON AND  
FINDS THAT IT FITS  
AFTER A FASHION.

HE IS AMUSED BY  
HIS REFLECTION IN  
THE DRESSING-TABLE  
MIRROR. THEN DECIDES  
TO IMPROVE THE IMAGE  
BY WHITENING HIS  
GREY SKIN WITH  
TALCUM POWDER.

SOMETHING ALERTS  
HIM AND HE GOES  
TO THE WINDOW.

HIS EYES WIDEN.  
HE STARES DOWN  
(GREEDILY)

TELECINE 8:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

SHOCKEYE'S P.O.V. of  
PERI crossing the  
courtyard towards the  
main entrance.

END TELECINE 8.

18. INT. CELLARS.

(DASTARI APPROACHES  
THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
WITH A PRIMED HYPO-  
INJECTOR)

DASTARI: I'm afraid I'm unable  
to give you a full anaesthetic.

THE DOCTOR: Doing the job  
on the cheap, are you?

DASTARI: You have to be  
conscious while the neuron  
bombardment excites the brain  
cells. I shall then be able  
to examine them.

THE DOCTOR: You should be  
examining your own brain  
cells, Dastari. Most of  
them must have leaked out  
of your ears or you wouldn't  
be involved in this madness!

(WIDEN TO SHOW  
CHESSENE WATCHING.

STIKE AND VARL  
ARE IN BACKGROUND)

DASTARI: This injection will  
simply inhibit the motor-  
centres and prevent movement.

STIKE: Get on with it,  
Dastari! You're delaying  
my war effort!



(DASTARI INJECTS  
THE DOCTOR AND  
THEN TURNS)

DASTARI: If you want this  
operation to succeed, Group  
Marshal, you will allow me  
to proceed as I decide and  
at the pace I consider  
appropriate.

(STIKE RUMBLES BUT  
SAYS NOTHING.

DASTARI TURNS  
BACK TO THE DOCTOR)

Count backwards from ten,  
Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Certainly not.

DASTARI: As you wish.

THE DOCTOR: Do you expect me  
to co-operate in my own ...  
own mmm ... murder? Im  
dongay ollik parl ...

(HIS EYES CLOSE.

DASTARI TESTS HIS  
REFLEXES AND THEN  
UNFASTENS THE  
RESTRAINTS.

HE LOWERS A NEURON-  
RAY MACHINE OVER  
THE TABLE AND ADJUSTS  
IT TO ANGLE ON THE  
DOCTOR'S HEAD. HE  
SWITCHES IT ON AND  
THERE IS A PULSING  
BLAST.

THE DOCTOR TWITCHES  
AND HIS FACE CONTORTS  
WITH EACH PULSE.

AFTER TEN PULSES  
DASTARI SWITCHES  
THE MACHINE OFF.

HE PICKS UP A  
SMALL ELECTRIC SAW  
AND SETS IT BUZZING)

DASTARI: The next step is  
to partially detach the  
occipital bone.

(HE BENDS OVER THE  
DOCTOR. THERE IS  
THE DISTANT SOUND  
OF A DOORBELL)

CHESSENE: Wait.

TELECINE 9:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

JAMIE and THE DOCTOR  
with ANITA beside a  
crumbling outbuilding.

THE DOCTOR tests  
the door. It creaks  
open.

ANITA: Shall I come with you?

THE DOCTOR: No, you've done  
enough bringing us this far,  
Anita. Now I want you to  
collect Oscar and get off  
the estate as fast as you can.

ANITA: Well - good luck, then.

JAMIE: Goodbye, Anita.

He watches regretfully  
as ANITA starts back  
through the tangled  
shrubbery.

THE DOCTOR calls from  
inside the building.

THE DOCTOR: (V.O.) Come  
along, Jamie. No time for  
mooning.

END TELECINE 9.

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19. INT. HALLWAY.

(CHESSENE EYES PERI)

CHESSENE: American students?

PERI: Yes, we're planning  
to send parties every year  
and are surveying the district  
for suitable accommodation.  
Can I ask, do you live here  
alone or are there other  
occupants?

CHESSENE: I live here alone.

(A NOISE MAKES  
THEM TURN.

SHOCKEYE IS THERE,  
DROOLING AS HE  
STARES GLUTTONOUSLY  
AT PERI)

Apart from my servant. Wait  
here, young woman.

(SHE LEADS SHOCKEYE  
OFF.

PERI HEAVES A  
SILENT SIGH OF  
RELIEF)

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20. INT. PASSAGE.

SHOCKEYE: We could have her tonight. I could make a piquant sauce -

CHESSENE: Perhaps we shall. But first I must test my suspicions.

SHOCKEYE: What suspicions?

CHESSENE: The human mind is so flabby and vague it is hard to read. But she was constantly thinking of the Doctor ... The Doctor.

SHOCKEYE: But she could have no knowledge of The Doctor. How would that be possible?

CHESSENE: We will see. Have Dastari bring him through the hall. If there is a connection she will give herself away when she sees him.

SHOCKEYE: And then we can cook her? Very good, madam.

(HE MOVES OFF)

21. INT. OUTBUILDING.

(LITTERED WITH  
RUSTING AGRICULTURAL  
EQUIPMENT, SADDLERY  
TACKLE, ETC.

THE DOCTOR IS  
LOWERING HIMSELF  
THROUGH A FLOOR  
TRAP)

THE DOCTOR: Mind how you  
go, Jamie. This ladder  
feels -

(HE DISAPPEARS  
SUDDENLY. A YELP  
OF PAIN FROM BELOW.

JAMIE PEERS INTO  
THE HATCH)

JAMIE: A bit rickety - is  
that what you were going to  
say, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Just get yourself  
down here.

22. INT. CELLARS.

(STIKE HAS HIS  
GUN DRAWN AND  
POINTING THREATENINGLY  
AT DASTARI)

DASTARI: You heard what  
Shockeye said. Chessene  
wants him taken upstairs.

SHOCKEYE: Her orders were  
quite clear.

STIKE: And I am ordering  
you to continue with the  
operation. I will not  
tolerate further delay.

DASTARI: Force will get you  
nowhere, Stike. If you kill  
me you will lose forever all  
chance of learning the Time  
Lord's genetic secret.

(STIKE IS BEATEN)

STIKE: Very well. But tell  
Chessene if this operation is  
not completed by the end of  
the day I shall return to  
my unit, anyway - and I shall  
leave none of you alive  
behind me.

(HE HOLSTERS HIS  
GUN AND TURNS)

Come, Varl.

- 2/75 -

(THE SONTARANS  
MARCH OUT.

DASTARI GLARES AFTER  
THEM)

DASTARI: Militaristic buffoon!  
Help me lift him into the  
wheelchair ...

SHOCKEYE: Chessene will deal  
with him. Have you ever eaten  
a Sontaran?

DASTARI: Certainly not.

SHOCKEYE: They're a cloned  
species, I believe. For some  
reason the flesh of clones  
always lacks flavour ...

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23. INT. CELLARS.

(SECOND AREA) THE  
DOCTOR (BAKER) AND  
JAMIE ARE MOVING  
CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH  
IT WHEN THEY HEAR  
SHOCKEYE'S VOICE.

THEY HIDE BEHIND  
SOME BARRELS.

SHOCKEYE AND DASTARI  
WHEEL THE DOCTOR  
THROUGH.

JAMIE TENSES AND  
SEEMS LIKELY TO  
SPRING OUT ON THEM.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
PUTS A WARNING HAND  
ON HIS SHOULDER.

SHOCKEYE AND DASTARI  
PASS FROM THE AREA)

JAMIE: Aren't we going after  
them?

THE DOCTOR: Let's look around  
first.

JAMIE: But there's only two  
of them. We could -

THE DOCTOR: One of them is  
an Androgum, Jamie. He'd  
break us both in half with  
one hand. As for the other ...

JAMIE: I know him. He was  
the professor at the space  
station.

24. INT. HALLWAY.

PERI: And how many bedrooms  
are available?

CHESSENE: Seventeen.

(THEY TURN AS  
DASTARI WHEELS THE  
DOCTOR IN.)

CHESSENE WATCHES  
PERI CLOSELY.

SHOCKEYE ALSO  
HAS HIS AVID EYES  
ON HER)

PERI: I thought you lived  
alone here?

CHESSENE: Visitors.

(SHE IS DISAPPOINTED  
AT PERI'S LACK OF  
REACTION)

Take him to his room.

(DASTARI WHEELS  
THE DOCTOR OUT)

PERI: Is he all right?

CHESSENE: He has had a  
tiring time recently.

SHOCKEYE: (EAGERLY) Madam?

CHESSENE: Yes. Show this young woman round, Shockeye. She might be particularly interested in the kitchens.

SHOCKEYE: A pleasure, madam.

PERI: Thank you, but I have all the information I need.

SHOCKEYE: Come.

PERI: Sorry. My friends are waiting for me.

(SHE PULLS OPEN  
THE DOOR AND SLIPS  
OUT.

CHESSENE STAYS  
SHOCKEYE)

CHESSENE: If she has friends they will come enquiring after her.

SHOCKEYE: I think that was a lie. Animals always scent danger. They have to be dragged to the abattoir.

TELECINE 10:

Ext. Hacienda Grounds.  
Day.

PERI trying to walk  
calmly away from the  
house. She glances  
back.

SHOCKEYE is on the steps  
watching her.

She starts to run  
towards the trees.

SHOCKEYE smiles. He  
races in pursuit.

END TELECINE 10.



25. INT. CELLARS.

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
IS EXAMINING THE  
KIOSK, PAYING  
PARTICULAR ATTENTION  
TO THE PANELS ON  
THE BACK)

THE DOCTOR: They've got it  
almost exactly right. Even  
down to the briodenebuliser,  
look.

JAMIE: What is it, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: The Kartz-  
Reimer version of a Tardis.

THE DOCTOR: It would if I  
used it - or any Time Lord.  
But not for anyone else.

JAMIE: Why not?

THE DOCTOR: These machines  
have to be primed. We call  
it the Rassilon Imprimature  
- that's a sort of symbiotic  
print within the physiology  
of Time Lords. But once  
that's absorbed into the  
briode-nebuliser you have a  
time machine anyone can use.  
Of course, that's the bit  
they didn't understand.  
They've simply copied the  
technology without realising  
that old Rassilon had a  
second trick up his sleeve.

- 2/81 -

STIKE: A most interesting  
lecture, Doctor.

(THEY SWING ROUND.

STIKE AND VARL  
HAVE THEM COVERED)

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TELECINE 11:

Ext. Hacienda Grounds.  
Day.

PERI racing through  
the trees, branches  
catching at her clothes.  
She keeps glancing  
fearfully back.

She trips and falls.  
Lies panting for a  
second, then starts  
to get up.

SHOCKEYE is above her,  
smiling. He holds  
out a coaxing hand.

SHOCKEYE: Pretty-pretty ...  
Here, my pretty one ...

ON PERI frozen with  
fear as SHOCKEYE bends  
over her.

END TELECINE 11.

SUPOSE CAM      Closing  
                  Titles:

FADE OUT